IN FRONT OF PETERSBURG.

It was the 15th of June, 1864. The march from Cold Harbor to the James River had been made. The battery I belonged to stood, with the horses hitched up, in park. I was lying under a tree, near an old house; below me was the James. Stretching across its muddy waters was a pontoon bridge; a few steamboats were paddling to and fro across the river. I lay watching the Second Corps march rapidly past—marching as I knew to Petersburg.

The long pontoon bridge sways slowly up and down under the steady tramp of the eager soldiers. Batteries of artillery pass below me, and as I recognize some of them I say to my comrade: "There goes the Twelfth New York;" "That's 'K' of the Fourth U. S." "Wilcox Landing!" I muse, why landing? A dilapidated wharf, rather a few old piles lifting their half rotten trunks above the muddy water, some standing upright, others leaning as though they had been pressed over by the ice jamming against them. I smile at the Virginia idea of a wharf, and think it might do for a phantom ship with a spirit crew to discharge a mythical cargo on. Looking up, I see an old, gray-haired negro walking past me. His tattered shirt is open at the breast, displaying a layer of moss-like white hair. In one hand a cane, made of a piece of a hickory sapling with prominent knobs on it, helps his tired old legs support his withered body. In the other hand he had an aged, battered, but bright tin pail. I sat up and called him: "Uncle, come here." He stood in front of me with the water running from his bleared eyes, and asked my will. I showed him my empty haversack, and then said: "There is a safeguard on these rebel buildings. I dare not plunder them. Can you get me anything to eat?"

The old man lifted the cover of his pail, dropped a lean, withered hand in it, and then handed me a hoecake. I hesitated to take it. He assured me he could get more. Still I, ashamed of taking an old slave's last hoecake, resisted, when he, probably seeing the famine in my eyes, placed it in my haversack, and with a "God bless you uns," hobbled off. I was then, and am now, ashamed of accepting the cake; but I divided it with my comrade, who was always hungry, and we ate it, carefully picking up the crumbs that fell on the earth.

While still engaged in the search for crumbs I heard the loud command, "By piece from the right front into column, march!" I ran to my post, the horses leaned into their collars, the battery moved off, and we were soon on the other side of the river. Here we lost some hours in waiting for rations, which we had to have, as our haversacks were empty. Then we marched. Away ahead, about noon, we heard the distant boom of cannon, and knew that some of our troops were assaulting the Confederate works at Petersburg. The sound cheered us, and we eagerly pushed on for the front. We were tired, not full fed, worn out with six weeks of incessant fighting and marching; but now that the march to the flank had been made, and we could hear the rebel guns, we, the rank and file of the Second Corps, wanted to push on and get to the battle line. With the aid of our maps we had calculated the distances both armies had to march, and, to a man, we were confident that we had outmarched the soldiers of the army of northern Virginia. The flanking corps had at last made a successful march. Our reward was at hand. The men were in the best of spirits. All were claiming that the war was at an end, that Petersburg and Richmond were ours.

Night came on, the almost full moon rose, and we marched steadily on. No one thought of supper. We had heard the roar of cannon and the roll of musketry at about sundown, and we knew we should be nearing the battle line. We entered the pine woods, and there we met some colored troops hauling off brass guns with long ropes. They were laughing, singing, and dancing. Some had torches made of pine knots in their hands. They were hot, dusty, happy, black; but they were not soldiers. As we marched past them, I asked, "Where did you get those guns?" "We uns captured them today," was the answer. "Yah!" we shouted, "the city is ours!" An old gunner walking by my side said, "You niggers got nothing from Lee's men;" and we all echoed, "Nothing."

The sight of the guns captured by the blacks made us sure of success. No one thought of sleep, no one of food. All were eager to go on. Footsore, hungry, tired, thirsty—not a grumble did I hear; but with set jaws we toiled on over the dusty road.

We pass a group of men, who all bear the Second Corps badge, cooking under some trees by the roadside, and ask them what corps is ahead of us—what troops did the fighting. They answer, "Smith's corps." We did not know that corps, and, with the dislike of soldiers for unknown troops, I heard all about me, "Who the h—ll is Smith?" "Will his men fight?" "I wish it was 'Black Jack's' corps that was ahead of us!" Then some man, better informed than the rest of us, said that they were a part of Butler's army, and that there were colored troops in the corps.

Rumors reach us, and are passed down the column, that the blacks have had famous success that day; that they have captured eighteen guns and a heavy line of earthworks. There is a halt; the men stand leaning on their rifles about us, and all wear happy faces. All about I hear the remarks, "We have outmarched them!" "The works are bare of soldiers!" "The army of northern Virginia is not here!" And we laugh, sing, and our hearts beat high. Word comes floating back to us that the captured works are just ahead. Soon we hear the commands given to the infantry, and the troops ahead of us file off. My battery moves forward, twists obliquely in and out—a clear space, a line of works, the guns swing around, and we are in battery.

WHY PETERSBURG WAS NOT TAKEN.

And then—and it angers me now after the lapse of fifteen years—then we went to cooking! We ate. With the bright moon above us and the rebel line in front of us, that we knew had no soldiers back of the works, we ate. Then we sat and looked at one another. Gradually the fact that we are not to assault that night impressed itself on my mind. I walked over to my knapsack on the limber, and opening it took out a map and a pair of compasses. Returning to the fire the map was spread on the ground. As I measured the distances, a group of excited soldiers gathered around and watched the work. We had the less distance, some nine hours the start, and, allowing for the time lost at the crossing of the James, we at 11 P. M. were still four or five hours ahead of Lee's men. "Will they be in the works by morning, men?" I asked, and all answered, "By G—d, they will!" Discouraged, I put away the map, fill a pipe with black navy plug, light it, and, with my hands in my pockets, stroll off down the line, stopping at almost every fire I came to to talk to the infantry men. The rage of the intelligent soldiers was simply devilish. The most bloodcurdling blasphemy I ever listened to I heard that night uttered by the men who knew they were to be sacrificed on the morrow.

I returned to my guns a little after midnight to find the enlisted men all awake and angrily talking of the probable result of the delay. All agreed it would be fatal. "We will get the stuffing shot out of us before we get Petersburg now," says a number 6. Weakened as I was with the loss of fifty pounds of flesh, and irritable with a coming fever, I suddenly lost all control of myself and gave full utterance to my feelings. I sat and bewailed our fate. I eclipsed the entire Second Corps in profanity. Wickedly I expressed the opinion that the General who could make such a mistake as was then being made should be shot, shot by the comrades of the men he murdered in wasteful assaults against earthworks. None of us blamed Hancock. We knew him to be an intelligent fighter, and that if he had had orders, or even permission to assault, he would have done so. We were divided as to who was responsible for this crime, many holding Meade in fault, while more of us insisted that it was Grant. I retire to my gun, and, seated on the ground, I lean back against the ponderous wheel and look sorrowfully on the scene before me, and think of the slaughter to take place on the morrow; and, thinking, I feel my head sinking down until it rests on the nave of the wheel. Resting there, I slept.

At early dawn I am awake, and try to examine the rebel line. I notice that the incessant picket-firing of the night before has ceased; that the main line, indistinctly seen, was dead silent. The men came flocking into the earthwork, and we stand gazing into the indistinctness before us, all of us depressed. It grows lighter and lighter, and there before us, fully revealed, is a long, high line of works, with heavy redoubts at the angles—silent, grim. No wasteful fire shooting from that line. No one visible. From the rifle pits of the picket line a man now and then rises with a rifle to shoulder, and a ball flies close above us. Sadly we look at each other. We know that the men who have fought us at Malvern Hill, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, the Wilderness, and Cold Harbor are in the works sleeping, gaining strength to repulse our assault, while their pickets watch for them. They marched while we slept. Years afterward, while crossing northern Dakota, I met Gen. Hancock, and camped with his party. While talking around the camp fire, I asked him why he did not take Petersburg the night we marched there. In reply, he told me he had not then received an order to assault, and added: "Mr. Grant said he sent me the order. I never received it." No one has ever accused Gen. Hancock of lying.

It was broad daylight. I had eaten my breakfast, and was looking over the field of yesterday's fighting. Some dead men lay on the ground; but the scarcity of those in gray plainly showed that they had no stomach for fighting; that they were raw, undisciplined men, who had abandoned their powerful line when attacked by a skirmish line of black troops. At sixty feet in front of the rebel works I saw pine trees that had been struck with Confederate bullets thirty feet from the ground, thus telling, better than words, the nervous state of the men who pretended to defend the line. Very few of these trees were struck below the six-feet line. These were not the men who at the Wilderness—or was it at Spotsylvania?—cut an oak tree two feet thick off below the six-feet line with their bullets. That portion of the Second Corps that held their line there remember the tree undoubtedly. I have since seen the butt of the tree, with its bullet-marked jagged top, standing on the War Department steps at Washington. But there, surrounded by an iron railing, it did not cause my heart to throb as it did when I saw it on a bright May day in 1864, standing in the forest surrounded by dead men, who were dressed in blue, bearing silent testimony to the accuracy of the rebel fire and the courage of the men who withstood it.

Wandering toward the rear I came on the line of captured rifle pits that had been used by the rebel pickets, and saw two men lying close together. I walked over to them. One was a first sergeant, black as coal, in blue; the other a rebel line sergeant, in gray—both dead. Their bayonetted rifles lay beside them. I, curious at the nearness of the bodies, turned them over, and looked carefully at them. They had met with unloaded rifles, and had fought a duel with their bayonets, each stabbing the other. These were the only wounds I have seen made with that useless weapon, and I have seen thousands of dead and wounded men.

PREPARING TO BE SACRIFICED.

The bugle blows "boots and saddles," and I hasten back to my gun, to learn that it is reported that the residue of the Potomac army has arrived, and that we will make a general assault that day, probably in the afternoon. We limber up; then, marching off to the left, we take new position on a bit of level land, that gradually slopes toward a creek between us and the silent rebel line. The preliminary artillery practice begins, so as to announce in thunder tones that we are getting ready to make an assault. I work listlessly to and from the muzzle of my twelve-pounder, carelessly looking ahead to see if the fire produces result. The gunners of the rebel batteries were evidently husbanding their ammunition. They treated us with silent contempt. But, unable to withstand our steady hammering, they at last coldly respond to our attentions. Shot skipped by us, shells exploded among us; but, with very unusual luck, we lost but few men.

We work steadily on; the limber of the gun is emptied. I see it go back to the line of caissons, and the limber of the caisson comes up. Looking backward I see the men of the caissons filling the limber chest. Soon the operation is repeated, and I know that the caissons will have to go to the rear soon to fill up. The first sergeant, seeing that I was tired, and the sponge staff heavy in my hands, tells me to exchange with a No. 6 and go with the caissons to the rear for ammunition. Mounting on the now empty chests, I ride off to the rear. Getting out of the line of fire, we slowly march down the yellow, dusty road toward the point where the ammunition wagons are parked. A portion of the road ran within three-fourths of a mile of a heavy rebel redoubt, out of whose embrasures looked the muzzles of big black guns. To the right of this piece of road was an open field of wretched, poverty-stricken soil; beyond the field, pine woods. Thickly scattered among the pines at the edge of the open were those cowards known as "coffee boilers." Gangs of officers' servants and refugee negroes were there. Pack mules and horses, loaded with cargoes of tinware, long-handled frying pans, pots, and kettles, stood tied to trees. Army wagons, with the six mules harnessed to them, stood at the very edge, the heads of the mules hanging down, as though they were meditating on the fortunes of war, while their drivers drank coffee with friendly "boilers." Fires were burning brightly. The smoke rose above the evergreens in tiny bluish white columns. I could almost smell the freshly-made Rio and the broiling bacon. A pleasant scene, but not warlike.

The "coffee boiler!" He was constitutionally opposed to fighting. His feet were phenomenally prone to blister when marching toward the front. He had an appetite that if fully gratified would have produced a famine in a city composed of grain elevators. On the retreat they formed the van. On the advance, when the roar of cannon and the steady roll of musketry mingled with the fierce charging cheers, or the rebel yell floated back to the advancing column, and that straggling stream of mangled humanity that is constantly flowing to the rear in search of hospitals is met, and the wounded tell that the need of fresh troops on the battle lines is urgent; when all courageous hearts are inspired with higher courage, and the desire to get there becomes intense—then the "coffee boilers" formed the rear.

I put my glass to my eyes and look at the rebel redoubt. I see the gunners looking out of the embrasures, and talking to myself I say: "Being empty, we are not game for you. But when we come back, I judge we will catch it; and if we do, I am afraid that this happy camp of servants, refugees, and coffee boilers will be bloodily disturbed," and I smile joyfully. Entering into the forest again, we are soon at the park of our ammunition wagons, and find many caissons there being filled up. We convinced a sergeant in charge that three inch percussion shells were not intended for Napoleon guns, and get to the right wagons. We fill our chests, and are again on the road marching back. Defiling from the forest at a trot we break into a gallop, then into a run; but now we are fair game for the rebel gunners. Their guns are manned and the great shell and case-shot scream wickedly above us, burst around us, rush madly by us, and passing on descend into the camp of the "coffee boilers." Dangerous as it was for me seated on the full chests, I leaned forward, clasped my lean legs and laughed and laughed again, when I saw the stampede of the boilers' camp. Negroes wildly clinging to the loads of tinware on their mules, passed us shrieking madly to their coasts. Six-mule teams at the full run, with the drivers savagely plying the whip, would pass us in a cloud of dust. Things, clad and armed as soldiers, skurrying like frightened rabbits, hiding in holes, lying prone on the earth. I saw some fall, heard others howl the death howl; saw one, struck fairly with a great shot, vanish. He was simply gone in an instant. Greatly pleased, I sat and laughed. The "boilers" were all gone before we had passed down the exposed portion of the road. Then, having nothing else to look at, I watched the three drivers of the caisson urge on their horses. We are in the lead. The aim of the rebel gunners improves. I am thinking that if they mend it ever so little we will get damaged, when I see the lead team thrown to one side and the legless body of the driver fall. I saw the other teams piling up. Unconsciously I jump forward and sideways; staggering, I fell, instantly to rise up and run to the wreck. The caissons in our rear oblique to the right, and raising a cloud of dust they hurry on. But my knife and the knives of the drivers have been at work, and we are clear of the dead team and have straightened out the remaining team by the time the last caisson has passed. Looking at the wounded driver, I see he is almost dead, and in obedience to "Get up, Frank! Get up!" I jump on the chests, the drivers send their spurs home, and we roll rapidly onward, leaving the dying man in the dusty road.

We meet a sergeant from our battery tearing down the road on horseback. He hurries us up, saying that the rebels have at last got thoroughly warmed up and are thumping it to our battery, and that we are about out of ammunition. We go on, and are soon in that blood-chilling belt, where the spent balls fall and the wounded lie. The limbers of the guns move off. Unlimbering the caissons those limbers move up and the empty ones come to us. I help limber up, then, feeling too weak to act as a good No. 1, I walk up to the first sergeant and state my case. "Go to work as No. 6," he says, and I at once began to carry up the cartridges. We work steadily. Our losses begin to mount up. I am tired, hungry, played out, and wish I was killed and at the end. But as I see a solid shot skipping along the surface of the ground like a flat stone on water, and see that it is going to hit me, I change my mind about being killed and skip aside with great agility, to see, on looking up, Gen. Burnside smiling at me. He reproved me, spoke encouragingly to me. I saw at a glance that the General had not been in the line of the ball, and was strongly tempted to tell him so; but, having had trouble a few days previously with a German Brigadier-General about some mulberries, and having been well beaten with the flat of his sabre for volunteering the information that he was a jackass (which I still claim was true), I looked at the two stars on Burnside's shoulders and simply smiled on him, and ran on to my gun with my armful of shells. Burnside, unsuccessful as he was, was a general favorite with the men of the army. We all admired the manliness of the man in not trying to shift the blame for the mistakes of Fredericksburg on to other shoulders. And when he spoke to an enlisted man he spoke kindly.

THE SLAUGHTER OF THE INFANTRY.

The afternoon passes away. One of our caissons, struck by a shell, blows up, and two men are blown up with it. A long bolt, made by our English brothers, did this work, and it added to my dislike of all things English. As the sun sinks I see the preparations of the infantry for the assault that we have been announcing to be made. A staff officer rides up; we cease firing. The smoke clears a little. I, utterly exhausted, throw myself down on the heated ground, and watch the doomed men who are to try to carry the line. The charging cheer is heard; the line of blue rushes on; the rebel pickets, jumping from their rifle pits, run for their main line, which is still silent, excepting the artillery. This is served rapidly. On goes the line of blue. I saw the heads of the rebel infantry rise above the earthworks. I caught the glint of the sun on their polished rifle barrels. Then a cloud of smoke arose; the men tumble, some forward, some backward; canister is cutting great gaps in the line; and still I did not hear the roll of the musketry. Suddenly it burst on me, mingled with the rebel yell. The field grows indistinct with smoke. I see rifles tossed high in air; wounded men soon come struggling in from the battle line; fresh troops push hurriedly by; and as they march forward they disappear in the smoky haze. Away off to the right I heard the charging cheer of our men; to the left, their exultant howls, as if they had had some success. The wounded tell us that the works are very strong, and that beyond them there is another line! Night settled down, the moon rose, and the fight still went on; but it fagged. The musketry was no longer a steady roar, and we could see the flashes of the rifles through the smoke. At points the volleys broke out fiercely, then came in spurts. We moved forward, and took up a new position under direction of some staff officer, and threw up an earthwork. Then I lay down and slept soundly, with the powder-blackened twelve-pounder directly over me.

In the morning I see that there has been some advance of the line. The Second Corps has gained a little ground, and we hear that Burnside has also gained ground and captured a redoubt. Later we hear that the rest of the army has been badly handled and bloodily repulsed. The dead lie thickly in front of us, placed in long trenches by their comrades.

Our men had been willing to make an assault on these works; but none of us were deceived with the reports that were circulated through the army, that Lee's men were not behind the line. We knew his men were there; but the infantry were willing to go to the assault and see if it were in the power of men to take the line from the veterans of the Northern Virginia army. They were satisfied that it was not, and at once fortified the ground they held. Men came into our battery to talk, and all said that the same faces that pressed the rifle stocks at Cold Harbor, the same eyes that glared along the sights there, were to be seen by any curious infantry man who would go near enough to the rebel line. Repeatedly I now heard men swear that they would not again go to the charge; that though they would assault unknown works, they would not make another assault on these; that they could not be taken by troops that were fagged out and discouraged. Infantrymen whom we know come into our works, and tell us that their regiments are almost annihilated, captains commanding, first lieutenants in command. I, surrounded by a group of artillerymen and friendly infantry, relate the sad story of the disaster that befell the camp of the "coffee boilers" the day before. We were all enjoying the story, when a tall, slender infantry sergeant arose, leaned his hands on the muzzle of his rifle, and with stern, solemn countenance, impressively said: "My God, men, what a crack reserve brigade those boilers would have made for Howard's Eleventh Corps at Chancellorsville!" A derisive howl from our group was taken up by the men at the other guns; then, just in good fellowship, our supports yelled, and right and left along the line for miles we could hear our yell of laughter echoed back to us. It was the first and last time that the Christian warrior and his heroes of Chancellorsville were ever cheered, and then, not more than twenty-five men knew what they were cheering about.

That afternoon a quartermaster-sergeant, goaded to desperation by the taunts of us artillery privates, nerved himself with whiskey and came to the battery to display his courage. The sharpshooters had attacked us about noon and our works were hot. I, snugly seated by my gun, look at this representative of the staff with all the intense dislike privates have for the gold-laced officers. I was even wicked enough to wish he would get shot. He swaggered up and down behind the guns, reckless with whiskey, and ignorant of the danger, talking loudly. I, with high beating heart, look eagerly at him, waiting for the jump and howl. I was disappointed. He was hit on the throat by a sharpshooter's bullet. It crashed through the spine at the base of the brain, and he neither jumped nor howled—simply fell on his back dead.

I discover that our works are badly infested with vermin, and, being in need of sleep, I ask our Captain to let my comrade and me sleep back of our battery in the woods. He refused. So, when it grew dark, we went without permission, taking the chances of the battery having to go to work that night. We spread our blankets on some pine boughs and slept soundly. My comrade had been on guard the night before, and when I awoke in the morning I did not wake him. I gathered the dead limbs of pine trees, built a fire, got water, and having, while after water, found a dead man who had a full haversack on him, which I cut off, I resolved to have a grand breakfast. Broiled bacon stood on little sticks about the fire. A ravishing mess filled a frying pan. Two quart cups of strong coffee simmered on the coals. A little pile of hardtack was on my jacket, that was to do duty as a tablecloth. Breakfast ready, I call: "Ho, Ed! Breakfast!" No answer. I call again. No answer. I walk over to him, shake him. Alarmed by the feel of the man, I hurriedly jerk off the blanket. There on his back, with his head in a little pool of blood, held by the rubber blanket, he lay dead. During the night a stray ball had hit him on top of his head, and he, sleeping soundly, awoke to find himself beyond the roll calls and tattoo. He was cold, and I knew I had spent most of the night under the same blanket with a corpse. This comrade of mine was the only man I ever buried in the army. I buried him beneath the tree we slept under, and on the trunk I cut, in rude, sprawling letters, "Here lies Ed."

THE INFANTRY AGAIN SENT TO DEATH.

The bugles sound. We go to work. The skirmishers spread out, and rapidly advance. The sullen infantry moodily look at the earthworks in front of them. Onward go the skirmishers at the run, and to our great joy we see them swarm over the line of works that we could not take when the rebels resisted. We move forward to the new line, and Grant, still believing that the army of Northern Virginia had not arrived, at once made his dispositions to assault the new and stronger line the rebels had withdrawn to. Heavy columns of troops marched by us. Our supports are changed. A reserve is held by us. We bang away at the new line with our artillery, and are sharply answered. Out of the reserve that is held by us walks a New Hampshire man I know. He comes into the battery to talk to me, and seats himself under the cover of the earthwork, so closely that I brush against him as I work in and out loading the gun. He has never been in a fight, is eager, happy, confident of coming out all right. I tell him that after he has charged the earthworks that we are vainly endeavoring to batter down, he will not be so keen for another fight. This wisdom I drop into his ear in bits, as I jump away from the muzzle of my Napoleon. He rises, holds out his hand to me. I wring it warmly, and shouldering his rifle he returns to the reserve. About three o'clock the infantry move forward to the charge, the reserve goes in, a spiritless assault made by famished, discouraged men, and we are bloodily repulsed with frightful slaughter. Next day while hunting in the hospitals for some of our wounded, for whom letters had come, I saw my New Hampshire friend; a long raking wound in the forearm, a hole in his thigh, a third shot on the jaws breaking the lower one, knocking out a handful of teeth, and cutting off a part of his tongue, all injuring him so that he could not moan even. I stood by his cot, talked to him encouragingly; but he could not answer; simply looked at me with dauntless eyes, out of a shapeless face. I could not understand how he was to live, and left him, as I supposed, to die. My astonishment was great two years after, to be accosted with "Hillo, Frank!" by this, as I supposed, corpse, as I alighted from a stage coach at a hotel on the Kearsarge Mountain.

One of my friends, a Concord, N. H., man, belonging to an infantry regiment, was discharged as a private, and was on his way to Washington for a commission, honestly won by rescuing a battle flag, under a withering fire of sharpshooters and pickets, from where it had been dropped by the bearer when he fell dead while retreating on the bloody field of Cold Harbor. He stops in the battery, and, crawling under my gun, he lies talking to me. I ask permission to go back to a little stream of water with him, and assist at the toilet of my friend. Getting it, I take a water bucket and my knapsack, and we hurry across the open and into the shelter of the woods. He washes, and while washing I hunt my scanty wardrobe for finery. I find a paper shirt collar, a handkerchief and a clean shirt, also a narrow black silk necktie. He has a pair of clean pants and some stockings. I fall heir to his old clothes; he to my new ones. We make him look decent. Again we lie in the shade and talk lovingly of the trout streams of Berkshire, and of the happy times we have had hunting rabbits and fishing on Greylock. Jumping up, he empties his half-filled haversack into mine, calling attention to a large piece of fat pork as it slides downward into my hard tack. Then throwing himself down on his breast, he laughs at the escapes he has had, and he kicks up his legs. The well-known thud of a bullet getting home in human flesh—a sharp cry of pain—and then, "My God! I am ruined!"

I cut off his boot, and gently removed his stocking. That was already soaked with blood, and there in my hand was his shattered foot, struck on the heel with an ounce ball. It tore lengthways through, coming out at the second toe, which hung by a bit of skin merely. This I touched with my knife blade, and it fell off. Tenderly I wrapped the foot in an old shirt, and then hastened back to the guns to tell my comrades that my friend was lying by the water badly wounded. Three of them get leave to help me to the hospital with him. We place him on my gray blanket; each takes a corner and we carry him off, his hopes ruined, his ambition gone. The pain must have been dreadful, but he never winced. He simply said, "I am out of luck to-day." The wound was serious in the hot weather. I, standing by, saw the surgeons probe for bits of stocking and leather, and, seeing that his leg was not to be cut off, I left him lying there under the influence of chloroform, never to see him again.

A NIGHT MOVEMENT.

We march somewhere at night. The road is lined with sleeping infanty. I am hungry. It seems now that I was always hungry. Men to the left of us, to the right of us, lie as though dead, they sleep so soundly; but their haversacks are not to be seen. They, I know by the tattered garments and their worn faces, are veterans, who know enough to hide their haversacks when they sleep on roads. We come on a heavy double line of sleeping men, who look as if they had simply opened ranks and then fell over asleep—a full regiment, I judged from their number. I soon recognize them as ninety days' men from Ohio. Their full haversacks stood at their heads. Our battery was not encumbered with baggage. Our knapsacks were empty. Wickedly we all went to plundering the ninety days' men as they slept. We filled our haversacks, filled our knapsacks, and every man of us had a spare haversack, filled with food, hanging on the guns or caissons. At the time I thought it a capital joke on the Ohio men; now I think that those men were very hungry before they got anything to eat. They must have painful recollections of the night march of some of the Second Corps' Artillery.

We pass ground where there was fighting yesterday evening, and in a fence corner I see a line sergeant. His face is bloody, stained with the blood that has oozed from under a bandage made of an old shirt sleeve, tightly bound around his eyes. By his side sat a little drummer boy, with unstrung drum, and the sticks put up standing on the ground before him. The muscular form of the sergeant was bent forward, his chin resting on his hands, his elbows on his knees. His figure conveys to me the impression of utter hopelessness; and the small drummer looks up the road, then down the road, with anxious gaze. I stop an instant and ask, "What is the matter?" The boy looks up, with his blue eyes filled with tears, and says, "He is my father. Both his eyes were blinded and his nose smashed, on the picket line this morning. I am waiting for an ambulance. I don't know where the hospitals are." I hurriedly point in the direction of some hospitals I saw in the gray light as we marched. The two rise up and walk slowly off, the son leading his blinded father to the operating table—and I hasten on.

Some stragglers, with the red cross on their caps, are passed, and we are satisfied that we are on the flanking move again. We get into a thickly wooded country, and without warning the men in gray burst from cover, and are on us. There was some sharp fighting here, and we get decidedly the worst of it, being driven back beyond the Jerusalem Plank Road. A group of artillerymen, some of them wounded, come down the line. They told us that their battery had been lost, and that the infantry near them had lost severely—many prisoners being taken—but were then holding their ground, and had connected with the Sixth Corps. We hold the ground, sleep on it, and the next morning again push on in column, to be again savagely attacked by the rebels in force, and again badly handled, losing more guns and many prisoners. The country was so densely wooded that I could see but little of this fighting. I simply sponged and rammed and looked ahead into the forest, expecting to be hit by sharpshooters' balls at any instant. Not being of the opinion that a Napoleon gun was a tool to clear forests, I took but little interest in this fight, thinking that it was strictly a "doughboy" affair. Next morning we push on again and soon reach the Weldon Railroad. There we get whipped and fall back.

I was talking to some prisoners and swopping for tobacco, and was told that it was Hill's corps that had been so persistent in their attentions to us. The prisoners were inclined to boast about one of their corps handling two of our crack corps. One long, dangling cracker, with a broad derisive grin on his face, which displayed his long tobacco-stained teeth, said to me: "Say, sonny, did you clover-leaf chaps get a bellyful?" I assured him we had room for more, whereat he grinned and marched off to the rear with his comrades.

THE STUFF THAT WAR WASTES.

We halt near a field hospital, under some pines, and I walk over to the operating table. A young Captain walks up. His shirt was pulled up, displaying a small hole in his side below the ribs. He lay on the table temporarily dead with chloroform. The surgeons probed, and looking at their probes shook their heads. He was placed in the shade of a tree on the ground. When he came to I saw him give a quick start, and heard him say, "Is that so?" when told he had to die. I lay in the shade, and while our horses ate out of their nose bags I watched the Captain die. When our battery moved he was almost gone. He had never flinched, never groaned; but steadily had he chewed plug tobacco, waiting for death that had no terrors for a soldier, to come and relieve him of pain.

That night a battery of United States artillery, all of whose enlisted men were Irish, a quarrelsome set, who squabbled around their camp fires, camped near us. Looking at them, I saw a tall Lieutenant, who looked like a gentleman, and who, after seeing that the battery was in shape, and the horses fed, had a fire built for himself back of the guns. I was comparing this gentleman to our scrub officers, when I saw him drink out of a canteen, and then wipe his mouth on a white handkerchief. Thirstily wondering what he had in his canteen, I watched him, and he again drank, and soon drank again. Then, spreading his blankets, he placed his canteen under his head and slept. I wanted that canteen, and intended to steal it if possible. So I sat on a gun trail and watched him. I was disgusted to see an Irish sergeant walk slowly up to the sleeping officer, gently raise his head, slip out his canteen, and slip in another one; then, picking up his prize, he walked off to the men's fire, drank, and tossed the canteen to the men. They drank, and the last one tossed the now empty vessel away. Seeing that I was cheated, actually cheated, out of my whiskey, I wrapped my blanket around me and slept the sleep of indignant virtue.

DISAPPOINTED OF A REBEL CHARGE.

We go into battery behind a rude line of earthworks. Bullets whistle thickly over us, a few canister now and then reach us. One of our sergeants gets his shinbone smashed by one of these, and he is taken to the rear. Every now and then an artilleryman gives a jump, or falls dead. The bullets get thicker and I rise up, and, unhooking my sponge staff, am just ready, when I hear the command, "commence firing!" The rebel pickets rise up, and the hum of the bullets is now a steady, dense hum. I serve the gun rapidly. I see a charge is to be made on us. Several rebel batteries converge their fire, and it gets decidedly lively in the works. Joyfully I serve the twelve-pounder, as I think how we will lay the men in gray in winrows when they get within canister range. I mutter to myself, "you will now get a taste of what it is to assault earthworks. You will now find that assaulting and defending are entirely different things, my Johnnies." The rebel skirmishers rush out in a cloud. As they advance, their pickets join them. Our pickets come running in. Nimbly their line of battle jumps over the works, and, with tattered battle flags unfurled, they come on. The fierce rebel charging yell fills the air, and savagely is it answered by the Union cheer. We howl as the case shot explode in the face of the advancing line. My blood boils with the grandest excitement known to the artilleryman, that of meeting and repelling a desperate charge. The sponge staff was as light as a penholder in my hands. I ram home the loads with vim, nodding to No. 3 to thumb the vent perfectly. I refuse to sponge, and as the first case of canister is rammed home, I gaze at the advancing line to see the gap it will cut, my eyes ever to the front. I see the line of gray coolly face about, run back to their works, and leisurely climb over and disappear. What did they want? Our gunner, leaning over the piece, looks at me with eyes wide open with astonishment. He says profanely, "Well, I'll be damned." Not doubting the truth of his statement, I answer, "So will I." And leaning against the head log, I idly pick at the bark and look curiously at the Confederate earthworks, wondering in an aimless way what the silly movement meant. I am recalled to myself by a sharpshooter's bullet whizzing past my ear so closely that I felt the wind. I raise my cap to the chap who I know is watching me through the telescope of his rifle, and drop down.

THE BEHEADED GUNNER.

The Cohorn mortars, that I have lost sight of since Cold Harbor, are again brought into service, and nightly the shells could be followed by fiery curves. Some, owing to defective fuses, burst high in the air; others sank behind the rebel earthworks. Lower down, the shells from cannon rushed to and fro, their fuses brightly burning. So we privates enjoyed nightly a regular Fourth of July of fireworks. After dark we would crawl up on the works and smoke our pipes. Some battery would generally be slowly working. The Cohorns kept up their harmless firing. The pickets would shoot, and we would enjoy it all. One pleasant night a group of us were lying on the ground outside of the works. Our gunner lay above us on the works. He was on his side, his head resting on his arm. We are smoking, talking of the events of the day, of the mistakes of the campaign, and finally the talk drifted off into home matters, as it always did. Some were talking of the beautiful Ohio, others of the Hudson and the Mohawk. The never ceasing hum of a vast army is in the air, and we add to it. A burning shell leaves the rebel battery that we had been paying attention to that day. It mounts higher and higher, then descends on the down curve. The range is good. Some of us roll aside, others drop into the ditch. I, confident it will pass over me, lie still and watch it, and when too late I see that it meant business, I flatten myself. The shell explodes directly over me. A voice comes out of the darkness of the works: "Are any of you hurt out there?" "No!" was the answer. "Come in!" And in obedience to the command we climb over, and there, by the side of the gun he had sighted in many battles, lay the headless trunk of the best gunner of Napoleon guns that I have ever seen. The blood spouted in torrents from his neck. There were little strips of skin and scalp with hair on hanging fringe-like to his neck. His brains were scattered around, some on the gun, some on the ground.

Seated around our fires I have heard the intelligent men of a battery or regiment point out the weak points of a campaign, the causes that would probably create failure, the neglect of opportunity, and their remarks were fair and true. Many a time have I heard the men lament the political necessity that controlled all promotion from the ranks, regret the pig-headed pride of West Point, and earnestly wish for a General-in-Chief who had brains enough to take talent from the ranks, or from the captains and lieutenants, and make commanders of them.

A PRIVATE'S THEORY OF THE TRUE USE OF FIELD ARTILLERY.

I firmly believe that there was not a general officer in either army that understood the use of artillery. They knew how to mass it, to try to produce some effect with it, to handle it as they were taught from books it should be handled. But I never saw or heard of a chief of artillery who really understood the arm. If the armies are not intrenched it is the decisive arm of the service. With it, properly handled, battles that are almost lost can be gained. With it, improperly handled, battles that are won can be lost. There were many privates in the Potomac Army who knew more of artillery than the officers, and we all laughed to see light artillery put to do the work of a shovel in battering down earthworks. We who served the Napoleon guns when the lines of gray charged knew just what a gun could do. We who rode on the limber and caisson chests, while moving rapidly under fire, knew the slight danger there was of being hit by hostile balls.

The battle of Gettysburg will serve to illustrate my meaning. It is said that the Confederate Chief of Artillery, Armstrong, I think, intended to send the artillery into the charge with Longstreet's corps. But he wisely changed his mind and kept it out. With rifles, instead of smooth-bore muskets, in the hands of cool infantry, artillery cannot go with a charging column. No longer can one hundred guns head a column, as Napoleon formed Macdonald's column at Wagram. But let us suppose that Armstrong had massed but sixty guns, under cover of the woods, and when Longstreet's corps moved forward on their desperate charge he had watched the advancing column, and seeing that it was to succeed, as it did, in breaking our line, he had advanced at the full run; that two batteries of thirty guns each, fully manned and ably officered, had rushed to the front of their exhausted infantry, and had taken position on the ridge, not in line for the accidental position of Meade's men to enfilade, but had swung one-half into line on "action left," the other into line on "action right," what would have been the result? Ask any man of the Second Corps who was in that battle what would have been the result. If sixty or even forty guns had opened on the Second Corps with cannister, the men could not have faced it. They would have been driven from the field or annihilated, and we would have lost the battle of Gettysburg, and the Southern Confederacy would to-day be an accomplished fact. Infantry charging where the enemy has no earthworks should always be followed by artillery. It should be pushed to the front under the cover of the smoke, and then it would speedily decide the result.

Only once can I remember of an intelligent use being made of artillery on either side, and that was at Chancellorsville by Gen. Pleasonton. With a few guns, without any infantry support, he broke the charge of the best body of men who ever formed a corps. I claim that Stonewall Jackson's corps was the best infantry that has ever marched on the earth. They, flushed with the success of driving the Eleventh Corps from their stacked muskets and lager beer kegs, rushed on Pleasonton, who, with great difficulty and the loss of a regiment, had gained time to mass a few guns. The result was, as all artillery men knew it must be, that Jackson's corps could not advance in the face of the fire. They were driven from the field. Pleasonton saved Hooker's army!

No; our Generals did not know how to use artillery. They did know how to push infantry to murderous assaults against earthworks, and they did it, and our country went into mourning after each senseless and wasteful assault.

A WORD FOR THE SANITARY COMMISSION.

Early one morning the order came for us to draw out of our works. Instantly I knew that another flank movement was to be made, and that the Second Corps, as usual, was to make it. I suddenly made up my mind to claim my discharge, that I should have had at Cold Harbor, and to go to Washington for a commission in the United States Artillery. So I claimed the discharge. Getting it, I shouldered my knapsack and marched wearily off toward City Point. I had to rest frequently, and once rested under a bush. Here a great yellow snake glided up to me, coiled himself, and looked at me. Weak with impending typhus, faint, tired, I sat looking at the snake until I became afraid of him. Then I arose and killed him. I did not know at the time what an impression it had made on me in my weakened condition, but for years after my nightmares were always of that snake.

At City Point I found some well-fed Sanitary Commission agents. One of these, on my urgent representation that I was starving and almost dead with dysentery, gave me eggs, tea in the leaf, bread, a bottle of French brandy, and a handful of loaf sugar. I have forgotten just what I got from him as a charity. I know it was the first decent meal I had had for weeks. I cooked it on the bank of the James and feasted. Always before I had poked fun at the Commission, but never after that did I like to hear a word said against them. They may have lied, cheated, stolen; but there always loomed up in my mind the picture of a weak, sick boy, cooking at a little fire on the bank of the James River, and eating a good hearty meal, and drinking brandy toddy out of a tin cup, and I forgave them all possible offences and weaknesses.

Arrived in Washington, I hung for ten days in the balance of life and death, was recreated by a mother's love and care, then was stripped, examined, and enlisted as a private into the United States service, and fifteen minutes afterward was promoted from the ranks to be second lieutenant of the Fourth United States Artillery. When the war ended I resigned from this regiment, 19 years old, with the brevet rank of captain.

FRANK WILKESON.

The Rose that Grew by the Sea.

From a seedling one day dropped
By a heedless hand,
A rose sprang up near the sea,
With its roots in sand;
And the delicate little flower,
Nursed by tempest wild,
Bloomed on in its beauty rare
Till gathered by a child.

Then the babe, as was its wont
With a garden rose,
Pressed the petals of the flower
To its dainty nose.
"Oh, it isn't sweet," she said,
Looking up to me.
Ah! my dear, I made reply,
This rose grew by the sea!

Its dew was the cloudy mist,
Hanging o'er the main,
And the bitter salt sea spray
Was all it had for rain.
Small wonder that its sweets are gone,
Or that its balm is lost,
When so many ocean storms
Have o'er its lone bed crossed.

Awful Cruelty in China.

It is well known that most of the civilized nations which have diplomatic or commercial relations with China maintain Consular Courts in that country, for the trial of such of their own citizens as may be accused of crime there. The necessity of keeping up these tribunals has lately been questioned. It has been said that the barbarity of the Chinese criminal code was so mitigated, and the administration of justice was so improved, that foreigners might safely submit their liberty and lives to native jurisdiction. This proposition has been gravely argued before the International Association for the Codification of the Law of Nations, and has also been supported by many European officers who have acquired distinction in the Chinese civil service. A recent criminal case in China, however, suggests quite a different conclusion.

In 1877 the Chinese imperial army reconquered eastern Turkestan from Yakoob Beg, the celebrated sovereign of Kashgar, who, by his military prowess and political ability, had risen in ten years to be the great Mohammedan chief of Central Asia. Among the captives taken by the Chinese on the occasion of his downfall were a number of his relatives, of whom four now survive—three sons, aged 14, 10, and 6 years, respectively, and one grandson, aged 5. These children were found to be guiltless of any share in the treasonable designs imputed to their parents. The Judicial Commissioner of the province of Kan Suh, before whom they were tried a few months ago, expressly reports this to be the fact. Yet he recommends the Emperor to inflict upon them the awful sentence which the Chinese law imposes on innocent offspring, as stated in the following paragraph from his letter:

In the present case, Yakoob Beg's sons Maili Kuli, Tima Kuli, and K'ati Kuli, and the rebel chief Beg Kuli's son, Aisan Ahung, are all under age, and were not, it has been proved, privy to the treasonable designs of their parents. They have, therefore, to be handed to the Imperial household to be dealt with in accordance with the law, which prescribes that, in cases of sedition, the sons and grandsons of malefactors condemned to death by the slow and painful process, if it be shown that they were not privy to the treasonable designs of their parents, shall, whether they have attained full age or not, be delivered into the hands of the Imperial household, to be made eunuchs of, and shall be sent to Turkestan, to be given as slaves to the soldiery. But, as these are rebels from Turkestan, it is requested that they may, instead, be sent to the Amur region, to be given as slaves to the soldiery.

This atrocious recommendation has been approved, and the Chinese correspondent of the London *Times* says the sentence will be carried out. If humanity imposes any obligation upon diplomatic representatives, it would seem that the case of these wretched youths demands the most earnest remonstrance on the part of every foreign Minister at Pekin. As long as such legalized barbarity is possible in China, the outside world will never consent to an abrogation of the treaty privileges of consular courts. It does not like the civilization, however old, which maims and enslaves children for being the sons of their fathers.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

The Buddhist Saviour of the East.

Only recently has an account, at once authentic, adequate, and popular, of Gautama, the teacher of a lofty and benignant gospel, which, at this day, counts among its votaries more than a third of the earth's denizens, been accessible to English readers. Five years ago, however, Dr. Samuel Beal, Professor of Chinese in London University, published a succinct narrative of the Hindu evangelist's life, under the title of "The Romantic History of Buddha." About the same time he was charged with the editing of the Buddhist canonical scriptures, which, embodied in a series of two thousand volumes, had been presented to England by the Japanese Government. He is now preparing a compendious report of the so-called Tripitaka, or triple basket of ethics, ritual, and philosophy. Happily we shall not need to await the fruit of his labors in order to dispel the anomaly between the eagerness of English-speaking peoples to convert the heathen and their profound ignorance of all religions except their own, and especially of that great Aryan faith which presents so many close and curious parallels to Christianity. The function of eloquent, sympathetic interpretation, which scholars had neglected, has been undertaken by a poet, and the story of Buddha will now be read by thousands, by whom a critical exposition might have been passed unheeded. We refer, of course, to the remarkable epic poem called *The Light of Asia*, written by Mr. EDWIN ARNOLD from the point of view of an Indian Buddhist, and of which an American edition is announced by Messrs. Roberts Brothers.

Why Mr. Arnold's earlier studies should have taken the direction of the Hindu philosophies, and of their consummate blossom in the Buddhist faith, is intelligible enough when we consider that he spent some seven years in India as the president of a college at Poona. But it is surprising that a journalist, plunged in the most exacting and exhausting of vocations, should have found time or will to continue his researches; and our astonishment is heightened when we find the acquisitions of learning and industry not only fused and organized in lucid narrative, but that narrative embroidered with an artist's felicity, illumined with a poet's fancy, and cast in the rythmic flow of splendid verse. A design of such scope and difficulty would tax the unexpended energies of an unburdened life, and grave shortcomings in execution would have been pardoned in a work to which an unleisured author gave, not all the strength it asked, but all he could command. There is no occasion, however, for such extrinsic considerations, or for apology of any kind in "The Light of Asia." Mr. Arnold has made an epic poem whose beauty is its own voucher, and whose lessons are commended with a sweetness such as Sidney contemplated when he likened a poet's winning ministrations to a medicine of cherries. How patiently and happily the large scheme has been compassed we shall leave the reader to judge from a series of citations which, at the same time, illustrate the author's various powers, and exhibit in outline the capital stages of Gautama's life and ministry. We will merely premise that while the eighth and concluding book is essentially didactic, aiming to formulate the philosophic and ethical doctrines of the Buddhist system, the first seven books are primarily and mainly narrative, reciting with admirable freshness and simplicity the story of the hero prince who has given light and comfort to one-half of Asia. In all this part of his work the author means to discharge the function of the tale weaver in the most straightforward and effective fashion, and therefore, although glimpses of fair, strange landscapes, transcripts of quaint, far-off manners, bursts of lyric joy or tenderness, and even august musings or gentle homilies, are not wanting, these are the only episodes or accessories subordinate to the artistic conditions of a central epic purpose. We should find it hard to name another among contemporary singers who can at once acquit himself so deftly in short flights and yet remain so long upon the wing. It is very seldom that the power of facile self-surrender to transitory moods has been conjoined with the capacity of evolving a coherent, symmetrical, majestic performance.

Mr. Arnold tells us in his preface that he has modified more than one passage in the received narratives, but he does not mention whether he prefers the authority of the Cingalese canon, fixed by the great council held under King Asoka about 246 B. C., and which occupies to Buddhism much such a relation as the Council of Nice to Christianity, or the somewhat fuller scriptures embraced in the Thibetan or Chinese canon, determined in a council held in Kashmeer about the beginning of the Christian era. Both of these collections, however, are said to substantially agree in the legends regarding the birth of Buddha, with which the poem opens. The parity of the extraordinary and miraculous circumstances which attended this event with those which preceded or followed Christ's nativity has often been remarked. Thus, Gautama was said to have already attained the perfection of being in the highest of the heavens; nevertheless, he was so moved by the wretched condition both of mankind and of all sentient creatures, that by the force of his exceeding love he once more took upon him the form of man, in order that he might save the world. He chose, too, as his earthly mother the wife of the King of Kapilavastu, named Māyā, who was henceforth known as the "Holy Mother Māyā." He was her first and only son, and he was immaculately conceived. In the Chinese account of his incarnation the description of the event is thus literally translated: "The Holy Ghost descended into the womb." We are told further that on the day of the child's birth the heavens shone with divine light, and the earth quivered while angelic hosts sang: "To-day Buddha is born on earth to give joy and peace, to give light to those in darkness, and sight to the eyes of the blind." Again, merchants from far countries bring gifts to the newly born, and the incident related of Simeon by Luke coincides with a tradition of an aged hermit of the Himalayas, who, being divinely guided to the spot where the young child lay in the arms of Māyā, his mother, placed his venerable head under the tiny feet of the infant, and spoke of him as the "Deliverer from sin, and sorrow, and death."

Even the jealous apprehensions of Herod find an analogue in the reference to a neighboring King of Maghadha, who was advised to send an army to destroy the child that would become a universal monarch. Finally, we learn that the